

needed the quietus of National Conference to settle it. If there had been no session for two or three years that difficulty would no doubt have become a festering sore throughout the entire church.

And then the social benefits of frequent gatherings are incalculable; five or six years ago the slightest differences were occasions for acrimonious debate. At our later conferences there has been an entire absence of ill feeling. At the late conference a whole session was given to the discussion of the Copp case, or rather to the discussion of our church polity and National Conference prerogatives, but all in peace and harmony. In fact there was a warmer feeling among the brethren after the session was over than there was before it began. Friction produces heat and light, and when we can have it in a brotherly way it works for good only.

Every year there are new comers to our conferences. It is a real joy to hear their testimonies on the hill side or in the early morning prayer meetings. To them the work and services and associations are more impressive than to those of us that have been attending year after year; they are the real thermometers of the quickening power of our gatherings; generally they go home enthusiastic workers in the church.

National Conferences are a kind of milestone, having them every year we travel a mile a year. If we only have them every five years we would only travel a mile in five years.

I think most of us felt that the conference of 1900 was the best we ever attended, but we are looking forward to the first one of the twentieth century with a fond hope of something greater and better than we ever had before. The executive committee has already commenced its work and no doubt it will give us a good program. The Foreign Missionary Society will need a whole day to effect a thorough organization and develop an increased interest in that department of work; from a sentimental point of view it would be the thing to commence foreign work with the beginning of the century, whether it will be practical to do so remains to be seen.

Home Circle

HOW TO BRING DOWN A BOY

H. WILSON LYDICK

1. Let him have plenty of spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or directions.
3. Give him a latch-key and allow him to return home late in the evening.
4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.
5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morality.
6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.
7. Allow him to occupy a seat in church with the boys rather than a pew with his parents.

8. Permit him to regard the Sunday School unsuitable for boys on the verge of young manhood.

9. Let him spend the Sabbath hours between service on the street.

10. Be careful never to let him hear your voice in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

HOW TO BRING UP A BOY

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.

2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.

3. Never punish him in anger.

4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on matters in which he is interested.

5. Let him feel free to invite his friends to your home and table.

6. Encourage his confidence by giving ready sympathy and advice.

7. Do not discourage "collection manias," they help to give information and fix habits of investigation and perseverance.

8. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.

9. Live Christ before him all the time; then you will be able to talk Christ to him with power when occasion offers.

10. Be much in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

The Cradle-Song in the Fifteenth Century

Sweet Jesus Christ, my Lord most dear,
As thou wast once an infant here,
So give this little child, I pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day:
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

Since in thy holy heaven, O Lord,
All things obey thy slightest word,
Do thou thy mighty succor give,
And shield my child by morn and eve:
Sweet Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard thou this babe of mine.

Thy watch let angels round it keep
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy cross now let it bear
That it thy crown with saints may wear:
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard thou this babe of mine!

Now sleep, oh, sleep, my little child!
Jesus will be thy playmate mild;
Sweet dreams he sendeth thee, I trow,
That full of goodness thou mayest grow,
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

—Sunday-School Times.

An Answered Prayer

Christian Work.

"O mamma, come and see my kite!" screamed a babyish voice at the kitchen window. It was Saturday, and the mother was busy with all the work that crowds in at the end of the week.

Fred was her only child, and a sunbeam in the house. If he had been sick, she would have left everything to wait upon him; but a kite—no indeed!—and quick came the hasty reply: "The idea! I've no time to waste on kites; don't you come bothering me with your foolishness."

With a crestfallen look Fred turned away, saying sorrowfully: "I've got it up so high, I wish you'd look." But she didn't, and a few such lessons taught the boy that he could not be sure of mamma's sympathy or interest in his pleasures.

A year or two went by, and Fred had grown from kite to baseball.

Rushing into the house one day, he said eagerly:

"Say, mamma, come with me this afternoon, and see the ball game, will you? I want you to awfully. You see you can't care much for things you don't know about, and if you see a game you'll care more about it when I play; come now, say yes."

"Indeed, I'll not go a step, sir. I've more important work than going to ball games," was the mother's reply.

Fred went off muttering to himself: "When I ask her again she'll know it."

Is it any wonder that as the boy grew into young manhood regard and politeness were the substitutes for tender love and whole-hearted confidence?

And the mother said not long ago: "It is thankless work to bring up a boy; as soon as he gets old enough to be a comfort, he'll care more for everybody else than he does for his mother."

Where was the fault? Did it not begin away back in kite days, or before?

But perhaps you say, do you think mothers ought to stop work and run at every call? Oh, no; but what if mamma had said, as her fingers flew over her work: "How nice of you to come and tell me! I can't come to see just now, for I really must finish my work, dear, but I dearly love to have you want me to see it." Or suppose she had said: "I mustn't take but a second, dear, for I've so much to do, but I'll have a peep;" and then had run to the door, and glanced up at the kite with cheery words of appreciation. Would it not have been an added bond between the two?

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms. The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel; the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence: "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate." Said the mother years after: "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining. Embroidered doilies and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy and the answering of her prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you, dear," she would say; and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child, to